EL PASO HERALD

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The Moving Pictures

THE moving picture business is one that must be reckoned with. The prize fight picture agitation proves this in itsef, but there are other features to the pictures that need consideration.

"Moving pictures are more degrading than the dime novel," says Prof. William A. McKeever, the well known author and philosopher in August Good Housekeeping magazine.

"It is a great popular craze—popular partly because it is cheap, but chiefly because of the fact of its realistic nature. For some generations in this country we were called upon to do battle with the yellow back—the dime novel—which fight has been practically won by us. The cheap, trashy story has at last been driven into the more remote and less enlightened corners of the flimsy periodicals. But precisely of the same character as the cheap story, and ten times more poisonous and hurtful to character in its results, is the moving picture show when in the hands of a man whose first concern is to draw a crowd and make it pay.

"If the citizens of any community should assemble with the purpose of laying plans and devising means whereby to teach immorality, obscenity and crime, I can think of no better way definitely and certainly to bring about such results than the use of the moving picture show as it is now conducted. The motto of these moving picture organizations might be this: 'A red light district in easy reach of every home. See the murders and the debauchery while you wait. It is only a nickel.'

"They represent real flesh and blood forms and impart their lessons directly through the senses. The dime novel cannot lead the boy farther than his limited imagination will allow him to go, but the moving picture forces upon his view scenes that are new; they give him the first hand experience."

The pictures are like everything else that has been brought out for public catering; they will have to be watched and kept within bounds. There is no reason why the picture shows should not be moral and entertaining, but, like "literature," they must be watched and censored. Train robberies, murders and holdups, when shown before the young eyes in the moving picture houses certainly cannot elevate the children who look upon them; they ought not to be shown and, while the state legislature is passing a law against prize fight pictures, it might go a step further and prohibit the showing of pictures of train robberies and crimes of all characters. Many states have enacted such laws; one state makes it against the law to show a picture of anything which is against the law in that commonwealth. This might not be a bad idea—anyhow, the moving picture ought to be regulated.

Clean pictures afford a wholesome entertainment, but there are many that ought not to be shown.

El Paso can furnish the prohibitionists a candidate for governor, if they wish—and then go right on and vote for an anti for the place.

Wendling, the Louisville murderer, has been found more times than Dr. Crippen—but Dr. Crippen will be located as many times as the Louisville man when he has been at large that long, so there is no use getting fussed over it. Probably both are enjoying some quiet chuckles to themselves, at the expense of the energetic police.

Tucson has enough money left over from the past year's school fund to pay off the teachers the first month this fall. If anything like that ever happened in El Paso, somebody would have a fit.

New Mexico still has millions of acres of public lands awaiting the coming of homesteaders, and there is no place the homesteaders could go to find a better location than on some of this free New Mexico real estate.

The Woman Who Works

THERE are plenty of problems in the United States. There is the negro problem, the labor problem, and—thanks to president Taft's discovery—the socialist problem.

Still, sociologists have discovered a new problem. It is the woman problem, and is today receiving the best attention of advanced thinkers. Briefly and pointedly, it is a "whopper."

When women advanced into a man's work, the men did not dream what it would mean. Woman's suffrage had been talked of as a theory, but the idea of mother and sister going to vote was, at first, funny, then a bit strange.

But now women are doing men's work. There are enough of them to speak with some kind of authority, laborers and property owners. They are coming back at man with the "taxation without representation" propaganda. And it is a stumper.

Looking backward into yesterday, the cool headed students of the subject have endeavored to learn the "why" of the condition. Why did women leave the home, and compete with man? Most men may beljeve that it is because they wanted to; that the "new woman" is to blame.

But it seems not so. The same industrial turmoil, occasioned by the advance of machinery and the aggregation of great wealth, has affected woman as well as man. She has been driven into the world by the same process which has caused unemployment of men, through strikes or natural causes.

And with the advance of woman into the turmoil of life, come a hundred and one byproducts. There come the breaking up of home life, the impossibility of many men to marry on account of small wages, and the union of women who work with men who work, a new thing.

In all, it is a complex question and will not be settled in a day. Its solution will come only by unbiased probing into the cause. Is it industrial or social?

It wasn't necessary for Bryan to say he hadn't quit. Bryan never did know when he was licked.

We all hope that the New York bankers will see the feasibility of Dr. Pearson's transcontinental plan and carry out the big railway dream of the Canadian financier, with El Paso on the line.

The Democrats seem to be in hard straits. When they met in Wisconsin yesterday in state convention, they couldn't think of anybody alive worth eulogizing, so they talked about a dead man.

It's no wonder that people in El Paso take so readily to politics. Here we are almost in the storm center of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas politics, to say nothing of what we get in tips from one Porfirio Diaz. Why shouldn't politics be natural for El Pasoans!

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

SING me something low and tender, sing it softly, Susan Jane, for I could not bear the splendor of a loud heroic strain. In the beauty of the gloaming when the gold is in the west, and the airships cease their droming (that's a word I've just impressed), when the glowing stars are watching from the skies they long have lit, and I sit here slowly scratching where the doggone chiggers bit, let your song be sweet and swaying—that will give my soul repose, while I scratch, with one hand spraying chigger lotion 'neath my clothes. Sometimes when the day is dying, and the mystic breezes blow, and my world-worn heart is sighing for the rest it may not know, of the stars I ask this question: "Why were chiggers ever born? They are worse than indigestion, fiercer than an aching corn. They are worse than jumping measles, than a bunion on the tongue; in the name of toads and teazles, why were chiggers ever sprung?" Sing a song of vanished faces and of happy days at home, while I scratch the itching places with a good stiff curry-comb.

THE EVENING SONG

Copyright, 1910, by George Matthews Adams. Walt Mason

Beatrice Fairfax ON THE WISE WOMAN

I ONCE visited a wise woman who was immensely popular with men.

Her son's business kept him in town all summer, so she remained with him.

You could not call her a summer girl, as she was well over sixty, but you certainly might have called her a summer chaperon.

She lived in a city in the western part of the state, and her beautiful house had a wide veranda.

Every summer that veranda was made into a luxurious sitting room. It was gay with rugs and cushions, swinging seats, comfortable chairs.

Here the wise woman held court every evening, and the men flocked about her like bees after a flower.

Many of the girls the men knew had left town for the summer, but the wise woman always had a few nice girls to help entertain the men. And what a good time those girls had!

A Magnet for Lonely Men.

The men were lonely; their mothers and sisters were out of town, and they were very grateful for the warm welcome and the jolly evenings they spent on the veranda.

Not a few romances began on that veranda. The wise lady made an ideal chaperon, she was always on hand, but she never intruded.

"I want the girls who have to spend the summer in town to have a good time," she said. "Also it teaches these young men to appreciate some of the girls they have always passed by as unattractive.

She was quite right, for men do pass by many wonderfully fine girls, simply because they are too blind to see behind a plain face or a shy manner.

Naturally, the pretty girls attract attention; but open your eyes young men, and look well at the plain girls before you decide that you cannot waste time in cultivating their acquaintance.

A plain face, transfigured by the love of wifehood and motherhood, can become very lovely. And the loveliness is all owing to the man who awakens it.

The beautiful soul lies there ready, waiting for love's magic touch to bring it to life.

When a plain girl suddenly becomes beautiful, it is because she loves.

Saw Only the Beauty of Soul.

I know of one man who became engaged, and when he told his sister of his engagement, she very thoughtfully said something about the girl being so plain.

"Plain!" the man exclaimed in astonishment. "What do you mean? How could any one with such a soul in her face be plain?"

The moment you love a person, you cease to think of them as plain, you love them for their inner—not their outer qualities.

The worst punishment that could happen to any human being would be to go through life without having loved.

The crowning love is to be loved in return, but even unreciprocated love is a wonderful, beautiful thing.

The plain girl does not always receive as much attention as her pretty sister.

So many men make love to the pretty girl that love-making loses its novelty. Even when the right man comes his story is an old one; she has heard it scores of times.

A Wondrous Tale to Her.

But to the plain girl, it may be a new and wondrous tale. Its ecstacy and sweetness are all unspoiled for her, and she opens her heart to it, like a flower to the sun.

The wise woman told me many things as we sat through long summer mornings on that pretty veranda.

"I was a very plain girl myself," she said, "but I have been a very happy wife and mother. That is the reason why I try to open the eyes of my 'Summer boys,' as I call them, to the possibilities that lie latent in the plain girl."

Its sweetness is unspoiled and she opens her heart to it like a flower to the sun.

STRICT INCOGNITO

By Anton Tschekoff

The Herald's Daily Short Story

Judge Posudin was slowly driving towards the little country seat of Nikolskojo in the rumbling wagon of a peasant. The day before he had received an anonymous letter denouncing certain irregularities by several government officials of the town, and wishing to take them by surprise, he had left the train at a small station and was now approaching the town strictly incognito, as was necessary to get to the bottom of the matter.

"This time they are not going to escape," he mumbled to himself. "The rascals think they are safe, but they will find out they have made a mistake when I suddenly appear unannounced among them."

After enjoying his anticipated victory he thought it would be fun to have a talk with his driver, and, as he wanted to hear something about his own popularity he asked the peasant:

"Do you know Posudin?"

"I have never seen him," came the reply from the grinning driver, "but I know him well enough otherwise."

"What—makes you laugh so?"

"Your question. Of course I must know the man who is the judge of all of us. It is my duty to know him, I might almost say."

"Yes, that is right enough But how is he? Is he clever?"

"Yes, he is clever enough in his way," said the driver with a yawn, "and he knows his business all right. He has been here only a little more than two years and has done quite a lot."

"How do you mean?"

"Well first of all, he got us a railroad and we are very glad of that. The judge we had before him was a regular cheat and rascal, but you can't bribe Posudin. You may offer him one hundred, nay a thousand roubles and he won't look at the money."

"I am glad the people think that of me, anyway," thought Posudin triumphantly.

"And he is a very ojily and pleasant chap," the driver continued, "nothing stuck up about him at all. If one of us comes to make a complaint he shakes hands and asks him to sit down and as soon as he hears of anything wrong off he goes like greased lightning. It is only too bad that he drinks."

"Good heavens," thought Posudin. Aloud he said: "And how do you know that I—that he drinks?"

"I do not know for sure for I have never seen him, but everybody knows he drinks. You see when he is away from home he never takes anything strong, but he makes up for it inside his own four walls. As soon as he opens his eyes in the morning he asks for vodka and he keeps up drinking all day long. When the other one was drinking he let everybody see it, but this one looks himself up in his room and he has had a tank made in his desk with a rubber tube so he can suck his vodka when he is working, and he has had the same thing in his carriage."

"Good Lord," Posudin thought, "how does he know all that. He even knows about the tank—that's awful."

"And he can't stand for a good looking woman," the driver continued with a grin. "He has two of them living with him. One of them, Anastatia Ivanovna, is supposed to be his housekeeper, and the other—what's her name now? Yes—Ludmilla Somonova is in his office. But it is Anastatia that runs the house. He is completely in her pocket and must obey her slightest wink. Then he has still another She lives in Kerrel street in the red corner house."

"Why he even knows their names and where they live," thought Posudin who grew more and more confused. "How the devil does a peasant know all that? It is disgusting."

"How do you know all that?" he asked in an irritated voice.

"Why everybody knows it. His own servants tell it everywhere. Even Anastatia is boasting of her good fortune, to anyone who cares to listen. Then it is also his habit to try to surprise people. As soon as he hears anything is wrong, he sneaks away from home and boards a train, but he always gets off at a small station and goes on not by stage, but by tarantas hired from the peasants. He turns up his coat collar and changes his voice and then the fool thinks nobody knows him."

"But how do they know him?"

"Oh, that is easy. When he gets to some country station, there is always something wrong. It is either too hot or too cold and he never likes the air. Then he always asks for chicken and cucumber salad and as soon as a traveler asks for that at a station, they know it is Posudin. But we also know the smell of him and besides he also reads in bed. Before he goes to bed he sprinkles himself with some kind of perfume and then he lies reading long after midnight. Oh he is dead easy?"

"That is true enough," thought Posudin, "I wish I had known all that before."

"But we have other ways of finding him out. We have the telegraph that always tells when he is coming, and when he arrives everything is in the best of order. Now, today, for instance, I come to the station with an empty tarantas to drive for you and I meet a waiter trotting along the road carrying a heavy basket.

"Where are you going," I ask.

"'I am carrying home fowls and wine to town,' he answers.

"'They expect Posudin today.

"'Isn't that great?'

"Perhaps he has not even started yet and they already have the chickens, the salmon, the caviar and the wine ready for him. He thinks he is going to surprise them and they laugh and say:

"'You just come on, old boy, everything is ready to welcome you.'

"Turn around your horses at once," roars Posudin. "Turn around on the spot and drive back to the station, you beast."

THE DIVISION OF CLASSES IN ENGLISH BAR ROOMS

By Frederic J. Haskin

XXIV—The British Crisis

LONDON, Eng., July 29.—Tradition tells of an Englishman who visited America and went back home to report that the chief difference between England and the United States was that in his own country the barmaid measured your whisky and let you pour your own water, while in America a barman measured your water and let you pour your own whisky. Startling as this difference may have appeared in his eyes, it is certain that an American in England, even if he confined his investigations only to barrooms, would find many differences quite as amazing.

Everybody who knows anything at all about barrooms knows that they abound in that intangible pigment called "local color." As the traveler faring in a strange country, if he be courteous, is wont to pledge his host in the wine of that country, so every nook and corner of the tippling world has its own peculiar methods and customs of selling and drinking liquors. The New Yorker in San Francisco is astonished when invited by a bartender to pour his poison out of an innocent silver teapot directly into the highball glass without the intervention of a small whisky glass for measuring purposes. The San Franciscan in New York is none the less astonished by the appearance on the bar of the useless small glass, and he pours his drink awkwardly from the bar bottle upon the ice with an accuracy of judgment that is its own reward.

English vs. American Saloons.

But the barrooms of England, particularly those of London, are wholly unlike the saloons of the United States. In all other countries, east or west, all men are equal before the shrine of Bacchus and there is a democratic freemasonry among drinking men which wipes out all distinctions of casts.

There was once a learned lawyer in Mississippi who sometimes looked too long upon the wine when it was red. His family and friends attempted to shield him from temptation, and when there was work for him to do, none of the local bartenders would supply his demand when he had gone beyond a certain mellow stage. One day, being possessed of a terrific thirst, he gave a dollar to a miserable hobo who chanced to pass by, and asked the tramp to buy a bottle of whisky and bring it back to him in the court house yard. The judge was an aristocrat of the ante-bellum southern type whose ordinary bearing was dignified to the point of austerity. But now he was in his cups. The ragged hobo brought back the liquor and he and the judge drank deeply. Then, thick as thieves, they went to sleep together on the court house green. After awhile they awakened, each with a burning thirst. The judge in his cavalier fashion asked the tramp to drink first. As the bottle left his lips, it fell from his shaking fingers to the ground and was broken into bits. Instantly the judge's demeanor changed. He drew himself up to his full height and in a voice of steel said: "Sir, I ask you to leave me. The tie that bound us has been broken."

Not Democratic Drinkers.

London is devoid even of this democracy of drinking. Its barrooms are stratified and classified, not only in keeping with their situation in the various quarters of the city ranging from the slums of Whitechapel to the palaces of the West End, but each particular barroom in itself accentuates the class of distinction of its customers.

Possessed of a penny, which is two cents in American money, the poverty stricken but thirsty Hooligan may enter at the door labeled "public bar." Inside he may impinge upon the polished oak of the bar and for his one penny the barmaid will serve him with a glass of bitter ale. And then he may take his ease in the inn, the equal socially and otherwise of every other man in that particular room.

The Room Beyond.

But if he will lean over the bar he will see another room but half concealed by a separating partition and a narrow glass screen set on the bar. That room is entered from the street through a portal bearing the legend "private bar." The same barmaid serves the same bitter ale from the same cask over a continuation of the same bar to the patrons of this more exclusive nook, and for each glass she charges tuppence, which is, being interpreted, two pence or four cents.

If the Hooligan has another penny and will buy another glass of "bitter" and will crane his neck over the bar and look in another quarter he will discover still another room, a much more pretentious room, a room fitted with tables and chairs, and perhaps with a bit of carpet. This last room also is reached from the outside, perhaps through a long corridor, and over its entrance is the sign, "Saloon bar." This is the very haunt of the aristocracy, for once within its sacred walls the same glass of bitter," served by the same barmaid from the same cask over a continuation of the same bar will cost the purchaser no less than "thruppence," which is to say three pence or six cents.

The Famous Barmaids.

The barmaid flits from one end of her domain, pulling the polished handles of her beer pumps, or perhaps pouring whisky from a tank with an automatic measuring attachment and cutting the wires from about the heads of soda bottles. She has a smile for the one penny man, a smile and a word for him with the tuppence, and a smile and a word and a wink and perhaps a joke for the gentleman with a silver thruppence. But never does she forget the distinctions that are there. Never does she forget that society is

(Continued on Page Seven.)

After the Honeymoon

Married Life the First Year

By Mabel Herbert Urner

"HELEN, where did you put my shoe trees?"

"Your shoe trees? I haven't seen any."

"Haven't seen any? Why, I have three or four pairs; they were in that big canvas trunk."

"But that hasn't been unpacked yet. Don't you remember you said leave that to the last—that it held mostly your winter clothes and things you wouldn't need soon?"

"Well, I forgot about the shoe trees. We'll have to get them out."

Helen assented eagerly. She loved to unpack and handle his things; it seemed to bring her nearer to him—to make her position of wife more sweet and intimate. One of her greatest pleasures since their marriage had been in unpacking and arranging his clothes and books in their new home.

When he had packed these things, she would tell herself, he had done it alone. And now she, his wife, was unpacking them! They belonged now to her, too!

A Surrounding Glamour.

A man's wardrobe and possessions ars always full of interest and charm for his young wife. Just the masculinity of it all appeals to her. His shaving apparatus, his collars and ties and military brushes—all these things are surrounded with a glamour, both because they are essentially masculine and because they are his.

Helen spent hours lingering over them, arranging and rearranging them in his chiffonier and clothes closet.

She found many things, college and schoolboy trophies that seemed to take her into periods of his life in which she had had no place, and of which, until now, she had been vaguely jealous.

So she greeted joyfully the thought of another trunk to be opened and more things of his which she had not yet seen.

"Where are the keys? I think there's some vests in that trunk which I want out, too."

They went into the little room they had reserved for a storeroom. Later on it was to be turned into an extra bedroom, but just now it was full of packing boxes and trunks.

Unlocking the Trunk.

He dragged the canvas trunk toward the window, unfastened the iron clamps and then tried tot unlock it. But the key would not turn. He shook the lock, lifted it up and pressed down, but still the key remained fixed.

"Perhaps that isn't the right key, dear," she suggested.

"It's the key, all right, but the lock's been sprung."

Then he tried to force it, but without success. His face was flushed now and he was fast losing patience.

"Have you a chisel around here? It needs raising."

"I don't think we have a chisel."

"Well, what have you got," irritably, "that I can slip under here?"

"Would a tack hammer do?" anxiously. "The end you draw tacks with?"

"Let's see it," briefly.

She hurried into the kitchen and back.

"That?" contemptuously, holding up a meager little tack hammer. "Got it at the 10 cent store, didn't you? When you buy tools, don't you know enough to buy good ones?"

"I didn't buy that," apologetically, "I think Anna did."

The Hammer Breaks.

"Well, one of the first things you should have bought was a good box of household tools from some reliable hardware dealer. How do you expect to fix things up here without anything to work with? Now, you see about that tomorrow."

"I will, dear," conciliatorily, "the very first thing," as she meekly picked up the despised tack hammer he had thrown on the floor.

"Here, give me that! I'll see what I can do."

He tried to insert the claw edge under the lock, but each time it would slip. He was growing more and more impatient. Finally he got it under, gave an upward pressure—and the handle broke, one end flying up and hitting him in the face.

Furious, he sprang to his feet with an oath. "That's a d—— thing to give a man to open a trunk with! You ought to know better than that. You squander all kinds of money on all sorts of foolish things, but when it comes to buying a few decent household tools—a miserable little 10 cent tack hammer is the best you can do!"

"Oh, did it hurt you?" Thinking only of that and not of his unreasonableness in blaming her. "Did it hurt you?"

"No; but it wasn't your fault that it didn't. Now I'll get something to open that blamed lock or I'll know the reason why!"

He strode out in the hall and rang the bell fiercely. The elevator came flying up.

"Here," giving the boy a quarter. "Go down and borrow from the janitor a chisel and hammer—good strong ones—do you hear? And hurry about it, too. I'll wait here."

In a few moments the boy came up with a long chisel and a big, fierce-looking hammer.

He took them into the store room where Helen was waiting nervously.

"Now, I guess we'll get this open," grimly.

Uncontroled Rage.

He slipped the chisel under the lock and struck it viciously with the hammer.

"Oh, dear—don't—don't—you'll break it!"

He glared at her.

"Who's doing this, you or I?"

She shrank back.

He gave the chisel another stroke—this time it slipped out and hit the trunk. Then, with a muttered oath he threw down the hammer and with all his strength wrenched up the lock with the chisel, leaving the trunk marred and the lock shattered.

Then he threw open the lid with such force that it was almost torn from the hinges in the back.

"You can get out those things when you get ready! I've had enough of this." And he strode out of the room, slamming the door hard.

Helen leaned her head against the open trunk and sobbed weakly. There is nothing that so unnerves a woman as an exhibition of unreasonable uncontrolable rage on the part of the man she loves.

To Helen this was as yet a new experience. And it had left her sick at heart.

Abe Martin

Th' feller that's interested in his work don't care what time 'tis. Sprayin won't kill a humbug.

LETTERS To the HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published where such a request is made).

OBSERVATIONS IN CALIFORNIA

Editor El Paso Herald:

The municipal governments of California have done their duty, regardless of politics, which word is really not nice. Streets are graded, curbed and sidewalks of cement are made clear to the city limits and many places far beyond the limits.

Most of the streets are asphalt paved; the few remaining Petrolithics are a bad advertisement.

Grading, curbing and foot walk paving by the municipality, causes a correct use of the grades, when owners improve their property. Their lawns are really not as good as ours can be made. The wire grass foundation with clover topping, is not as good as bermuda with Australian king winter topping, or blue grass where it can be firmly established. The location of Busch's famous park in Pasadena is no more favorable than can be made out of the proposed park west of Mundy heights, and ex-mayor Sweeney's proposed boulevard drive along our mesa from Joe Williams's residence to Fort Bliss should not be forgotten. It would be a good investment. It requires money to make money. Any business man knows that.

I asked and was told that the street sweepings of all the paved streets are hauled away by ranch or orchard men, under contract, free of cost to the cities. As it is the best fertilizer, why not that condition of good and saving of expense be considered by El Paso, and some one or more ranch men near us?

Our band stand (fireless Franklin stove) in the Plaza should have the foot place cemented, so that the children could learn to skip to the harmony of the music. Our cement company granted the gift of cement to Washington park, why not to our municipal concert Plaza?

We stopped at Yuma for 24 hours, to see if the reports of heat were correct. We recognized it fully, although the thermometer only registered 107, against 126 and 121 of some days previous. Thank God for us. Although a constant breeze, the atmosphere was intensely hot. The entire town reminded us of the Wolfville stories in the Cosmopolitan.

Three days' rest with friends on a ranch 20 miles north of Deming, elevation 5000 feet, helped equalize the depression caused by 24 hours at Yuma.

When we returned from three days at San Diego, we went up in a balloon at Los Angeles. That would be a good adjunct to attractions at Cloudcroft for next year and would be more apropos.

The observations of Lick in northern California and of Carnegie on Mt. Wilson, near Pasadena, have not near the observing capacity that could occur for the next one that should be established at Cloudcroft. The clearer atmosphere; the actual observation; the ease and comfort of reaching Cloudcroft, the easy delivery of the lens and apparatus against the almost intense struggle for a roadway at Mt. Wilson, etc.

John F. Edgar.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1896.

Ah Yen, a Cainaman detained at the county jail because he could not produce a certificate entitling him to remain in this country, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor at the jail last night. Drs. Vilas and Gallagher were summoned and found that while he had cut his windpipe he would recover.

A big coal strike is reported near Van Horn.

Chief engineer Smith of the Corralitos road said this morning that cross sectioning will begin today.

Manager Jones is trying to arrange a baseball game between two local teams for Sunday. Manager Slack of the El Paso team has telegraphed the manager of the Dallas team that El Paso will pay the traveling expenses of that organization to El Paso.

The High school nine and the G. H. & S. A. team will play Sunday on the Hickerson mill grounds. Bridgers will pitch for the G. H. team.

Governor Ahumada will arrive in Juarez August 1, when the opening exercises for the Corralitos road will be held.

The city clerk has 32 pages of minutes to read tomorrow night.

Over half an inch of rain fell before 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The water poured down Oregon street and formed pools in San Antonio street.

There will be a meeting of those interested in the proposed Choral club at Chopin music hall next Thursday. Officers will be elected.

Lew Davis has gone to Van Horn on business.

W. A. Long returned this morning from the Knights of Pythias encampment at Galveston.

Lieut. Winan of the cavalry at Fort Bliss leaves August 1 on a two months' furlough.

Metal market—Silver, 68 3-4c; lead, $2.85; copper, 10 3-4c; Mexican pesos, 53c.